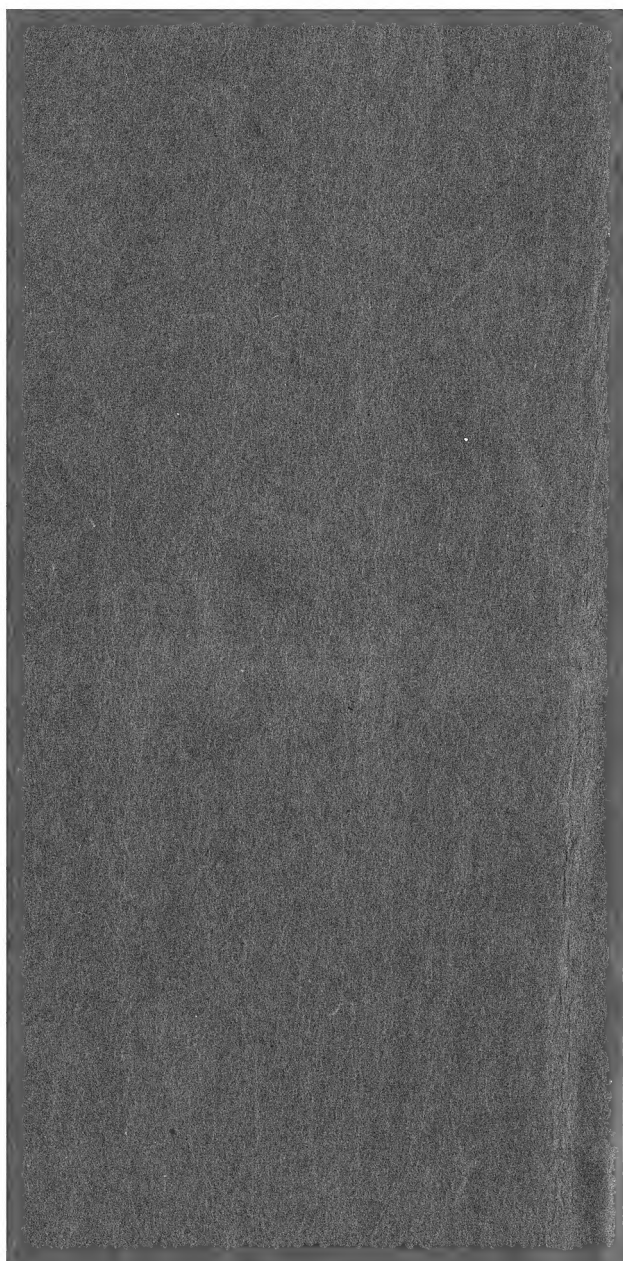

English Companion
to
**Cree Methodist
Hymn Book**



Edited by
Rev. F. G. Stevens
Fisher River
Man.



Greetings *Jan 1 1918*

The question is often asked: "How do you say 'Happy New Year' in the Cree language?"

Insofar as Northern Alberta is concerned, in the 63 years I have known the Cree people, I have never known them to say "Happy New Year" in other than English or French.

Tom Kerr, who came to Northern Alberta from Scotland in 1878 at the age of 18 and served as an apprentice fur trader with the Hudson's Bay Company (paid at the rate of \$100 annually and "everything found"), told me long ago that in his 68 years of association with the Crees, they had always said "Happy New Year" in English.

To translate "Happy New Year" into Cree, the word "happy" becomes *meo*; "new" is *askiyi*; "year" is *uski*, which gives us *Meo Uskiyi Uski*.

Anne Anderson, Edmonton's noted Cree language instructor, agrees that over the years the overwhelming majority of the Crees have said that greeting in English or French. But, as she points out, some Cree elders would say *Meo aspin oyay*, which means "Hope you had a good year last year."

David T. Williamson
Edmonton

nowledge of them, dispersed as it

in Morf, who died last week, psychiatrist at the maximum-security institute near Montreal from 1967 during which many FLQ terrorists were there. He gained prominence for his book, *Terror in Quebec*, based on interviews with FLQ terrorists.

agenda, probe says

The Canadian Labor Congress says that a royal commission will probe the RCMP has used disruptive tactics against engaged in strikes.

John D. McLaughlin, chairman of the royal commission, said this allegation and would be referred for investigation to Justice Minister J.F. Howard of Toronto.

McLaughlin said affiliated unions had provided information to corporations they were negotiating with.

"I suspect the RCMP attempted to do this, at times, employed disruptive tactics."

McLaughlin presented to the commission at the CLC brief to one from a source who said the RCMP has secret files on objects in Canada.

Fo to

VANCO

Francis Fox, a member of the federal government, said the right to stem the tide of drugs into Canada.

The source said the provincial government is aware that there is a large amount of smuggling of drugs into the province.

"It has been a long time since we have had a royal commission into the drug problem," Fox said. "It is coming and it is being protected by the government."

Fox said the government is aware of the problem and is taking steps to deal with it. "It is a cause that is being taken seriously," he said.

The government is aware of the problem and is taking steps to deal with it. "It is a cause that is being taken seriously," he said.

This was a proved way of dealing with such groups as the heroin and drug enforcement in the United States and other countries.

Fox's comments

DOXOLOGY

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise God, Son and Holy Ghost.

1

ADORATION

**HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD
ALMIGHTY!**

N.C.H. 1; D.C.H. 23

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Gratefully adoring our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before
thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide
thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
not see,
Only thou art holy: there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth
and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
Goly in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

—Bishop Heber.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE

O.C.H. 19; O.M.H.B. 184

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies,

And shall we then for ever live
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great!

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

—Isaac Watts.

3

ETERNAL POWER, WHOSE HIGH ABODE

N.M.H.B. 10; O.M.H.B. 8

Eternal Power, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God,
 Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.

Thee, while the first archangel sings
 He hides his face behind his wings;
 And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
 We would adore our Maker, too!

From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

Earth from afar hath heard Thy fame
And men have learned to lisp Thy name:
But, O! the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

—Isaac Watts.

4

LET EARTH AND HEAVEN AGREE

O.C.H. 10; N.M.H.B. 95

Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
For all, for all my Saviour died.
And dances his glad heart for joy.

O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!

To bid their hearts rejoice
 In Him who died for all;
 For all my Lord was crucified,
 Now songs do now his lips employ,
 —Charles Wesley.

5

BEHOLD THE SAVIOUR OF MANKIND

O.C.H. 306; N.M.H.B. 69

Behold the Saviour of mankind
 Nailed to the shameful tree!
 How vast the love that Him inclined
 To bleed and die for thee!

Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend;
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.

'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
At me the next person

"Receive my soul," He cries!
 See where He bows His sacred head;
 He bows His head, and dies

But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine:
 O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
 Was ever love, like Thine?

—S. Wesley, Sr.

6

JOY TO THE WORLD! THE LORD IS COME

N. N. 308

O.C.H. 304; N.M.H.B. 60

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;

Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
 plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

—Dr. Isaac Watts

7

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS
CROSS

O C.H. 305; N.C.H. 179

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—Isaac Watts.

8

O WHY DID I MY SAVIOUR LEAVE

O.M.H.B. 278

O Why did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove?
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love?

I forced thee first to disappear,
I turned thee first aside;
Ah! Lord, if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.

But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace

My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies;
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

—Charles Wesley.

9

COME, THOU LONG EXPECTED JESUS

N.M.H.B. 111

Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
Be Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.
—Charles Wesley

10

JESUS, THY BLOOD AND RIGHTEOUS- NESS

O.C.H. 139

Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement paid.

When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then, this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.

—J. Wesley.

11

JESUS, THE NAME HIGH OVER ALL N.C.H. 176

Jesus! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the sinner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his Name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death:
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"
—Charles Wesley

12

THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY N.C.H. 37; O.C.H. 352

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;

There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most infinitely kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word,
And our lives would all be sunshine
In the favor of the Lord.

—F. W. Faber

13

JESUS, AND SHALL IT EVER BE

N C H. 274; O.C.H. 158

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

—J. Grigg.

ASPIRATION

429.

14

JESUS LOVES EVEN ME

I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the book He has given,
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
This is the dearest that Jesus loves me.

Chorus

I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

Though I forget Him and wander away
Still He doth follow wherever I stray
Back to His dear loving arms I would flee
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

I if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great king
This shall my song in eternity be,
O what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

15

NO 11368 ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE

O.C.H. 72; N.M.H.B. 94

Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands;
My name is written on His hands.

He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

10

Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They poured effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh.
And "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

—Charles Wesley.

16

N.C.H. 381; O.C.H. 106

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Chorus

Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Let me at a throne of mercy,
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

—G. C. Stebbins

17 26.

O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE MY GOD

O.C.H. 124; N.M.H.B. 479

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good.
A copy, Lord, of thine!

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

—Charles Wesley.

18

O THAT MY LOAD OF SIN WERE GONE!

O.M.H.B. 532

O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit

At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb?
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am;
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart

Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee

Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
Thy cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love

I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, O Lord, the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

—Charles Wesley.

19 *Jesus*

JESUS HATH DIED THAT I MIGHT LIVE
O.M.H.B. 519

Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable!
And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love

Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free:
Let all I am in thee be lost;
But give thyself to me.

Thy gifts, alone, cannot suffice;
O let thyself be given!
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.
—Charles Wesley

20

A CLEAN HEART

1. A 24

One thing I of the Lord desire,
For all my path hath my been:
Be it by water or by fire,
Oh, make me clean; oh, make me clean!

Chorus

O wash me, Thou, without, within,
Or purge with fire, if that must be;
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me, die out in me.

If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
But yet to have a purer heart,
Is more to me, is more to me

Yea, only as this heart is clean
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine, the things Divine.

I watch to shun the miry way,
And staunch the springs of guilty thought;
But, watch and struggle as I may,
Pure I am not, pure I am not.

21

O GOD, WHAT OFFERING SHALL I GIVE?

O.M.H.B 583

O God, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store,
More should'st thou have, if I had more.

Now, then, my God, thou hast my soul;
No longer mine, but thine I am;
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame;
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will;
Here let thy light for ever shine,
This house still let thy presence fill;
O Source of life, live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love!

Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am called by thy great name,
In thee let all my doubts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim,
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise!
—Charles Wesley

22

GOD IS IN THIS AND EVERY PLACE

O.M.H.B. 308

God is in this and every place;
But O how dark and void
To me! 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

O thou who see'st and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone!

Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face, and live.

Now, Jesus, now, the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

—Charles Wesley.

23

FATHER, I STRETCH MY HANDS TO THEE

O.M.H.B. 282

Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

What ~~did~~ thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath;
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now all my wants thou wouldst relieve
In this the accepted hour.

Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live!
For here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face!
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

24

HOW SAD OUR STATE BY NATURE IS

O.M.H.B. 241

How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!

And Satan binds his captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!"

My soul obeys the Almighty's call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief!

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy hands I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all

25

WHEN THIS SONG OF PRAISE SHALL CEASE

O.C.H 268

When this song of praise shall cease,
Let thy children, Lord, depart,
With the blessing of thy peace,
And thy love in every heart.

Oh! wher'er our path may lie,
Father, let us not forget
That we walk beneath thine eye,
That thy care upholds us yet.

Blind are we, and weak, and frail,
Be thine aid for ever near;
May the fear to sin prevail
Over every other fear.

26

OH, HEAR MY CRY, BE GRACIOUS NOW TO ME

O C.H. 214

Oh, hear my cry, be gracious now to me!
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
My soul, bowed down, is longing now for thee,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!

Chorus

I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold,
I've wandered far away from home;
Oh, take me now, and bring me to thy fold,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!

I have no place, no shelter from the night,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
One look from thee would give me life and
light,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!

My path is lone, and weary are my feet,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
Mine eyes look up thy loving smile to meet!
Come, Great Deliverer, come!

Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
Regard my prayer, and hear my humble cry;
Come, Great Deliverer, come!

—Fanny Crosby.

27

AS PANTS THE HART FOR COOLING STREAMS

O C.H. 169

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

God of my strength, how long shall I,
Life one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To the oppressor's scorn.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

—Tate and Brady

28

GIVE ME THE WINGS OF FAITH TO RISE

N.C.H. 69; O.C.H. 248

Give me the wings of faith to rise,
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Chorus

Many are the friends who are waiting today
Happy on the golden strand;
Many are the voices calling us away,
To join the glorious band;
Calling us away, calling us away,
Calling to the better land.

Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united reath,

Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

—Isaac Watts.

29

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST

N.C.H. 231; O.C.H. 219

More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee;
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee,
More love to thee

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee,
More love to thee.

Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee,
More love to thee.

30

OH, FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD N.C.H. 315; O.C.H. 209

Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I then enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, oh, holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
That drove thee from my breast.
—W. Cowper.

31

LORD JESUS, I LONG TO BE PERFECTLY WHOLE

N.C.H. 372; O.C.H. 126

Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the
skies,

And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood
flow—

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee, thou never
saidst No—

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CONSECRATION

32

JUST AS I AM

N.C.H. 221; O.C.H. 113

Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind;
Yea, all I need, in thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!
—Charlotte Elliott.

33

A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE

O.C.H. 198; N.M.H.B. 501

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

34

TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE

N.C.H. 225; O.C.H. 115

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;

Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my silver and my gold—
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect and use
Every power as thou wilt choose.

Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King:
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from thee

Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store:
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee
—Miss F R Havergal

35

I SURRENDER ALL

T A. 31

All to Jesus I surrender,
All to Him I freely give;
I will ever love and trust Him,
In His presence daily live.

Chorus

I surrender all,
I surrender all;
All to Thee, my blessed Saviour,
I surrender all.

All to Jesus I surrender,
Humbly at His feet I bow;

Worldly pleasures all forsaken,
Take me, Jesus, take me now.

All to Jesus I surrender:
Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine,
Let the Holy Spirit witness,
I am Thine and Thou art mine.

All to Jesus I surrender:
Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing rest on me.

All to Jesus I surrender:
Now I feel the sacred flame;
Oh, the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

EVANGELISM

36

PRECIOUS NAME

N.C.H. 223; O.C.H. 11

Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it, then, where'er you go.

Chorus

Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth, and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth, and joy of heaven.

Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

O the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him
When our journey is complete.

—Mrs. L. Baxter.

37

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY

NCH 196; N.M.H.B. 322

Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled

Chorus

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;

Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any kind of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole"
—Miss Katherine Hankey.

38

COME, SINNERS, TO THE GOSPEL FEAST

O.C.H. 75; N.M.H.B. 306 346

Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all;
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.

Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain!

—Charles Wesley.

39

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD

2, 194
O C H. 81; N M. H. B. 302

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

O dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more

Ere since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave

—William Cowper.

40

I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY

O C H. 149; N. M. H. B. 305

I heard the voice of Jesus say:
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,

I found in Him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say:
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say:
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done
—Dr. H. Bonar.

41

GIVE ME THY HEART

S.S. 210

Since you have left the narrow path,
To follow in the ways of sin,
O, hear your Father calling you:
My son, give Him thine heart.

Chorus

My son, my daughter,
Give me thine heart; give me thine heart,
Give me thine heart.
My son, give me, give me thine heart.
Listen. Hear Him, obey the God,
Just now give Him thine heart.

His loving voice has followed thee,
Its invitation you have heard;
And now it is clearly sounding:
My son, give Me thine heart."

Hear now, my son, mercy's sweet voice,
And leave for good the ways of sin,
And make allegiance to your God;
My son, give him thine heart.

God has been merciful and kind,
To follow you, to win you back;
Rejoice to hear Him say to thee:
"My son, give Me thine heart."

His love, His mercy followed thee,
While wandering in paths of sin,
Ever wooing thee, to bring thee back:
"My son, give Me thine heart"

O God, my Father, I now hear
Thy voice, now I come back to Thee;
Humbly I yield myself to Thee,
Now I give Thee my heart

42

LET HIM IN

T A 63 *MC H 38 time*

There's a Stranger at the door:
Let Him in!
He has been there oft before:
Let Him in!
Let Him in, ere He is gone;
Let Him in, the Holy One,
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son:
Let Him in!

Open now to Him your heart:
Let Him in!
If you wait, He will depart.
Let Him in!

Let Him in: He is your Friend;
He your soul will sure defend;
He will keep you to the end:
Let Him in!

Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in!
Now, oh, now make Him your choice:
Let Him in!
He is standing at the door;
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore:
Let Him in!

Now admit the heavenly Guest:
Let Him in!
He will make for you a feast:
Let Him in!
He will speak your sins forgiven;
And when earth ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven:
Let Him in!

43

AT THE CROSS

O.C.H. 188

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Chorus

At the cross, at the cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my sins rolled away.
It was there by faith,
I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace?
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word

—Isaac Watts

44

HAVE YOU ANY ROOM FOR JESUS?

SS and S. 386

Have you any room for Jesus?
He who bore your load of sin;
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?

Chorus

Room for Jesus, King of Glory
Hasten now His word obey;
Swing the heart's door widely open
Bid His enter while you may.

Room for pleasure, room for business,
But for Christ the Crucified,
Not a place that He can enter
In the heart for which He died.

Have you any room for Jesus
As in grace He calls again;
O! today is time accepted,
Tomorrow you can call in vain

Room and time now give to Jesus,
Soon will pass God's day of grace.
Soon thy heart left cold and silent
And thy Saviour's pleading cease.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

S.S. and S. 42

Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
 Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
 Sowing the seed by the fading light,
 Sowing the seed in the solemn night,
 O! what shall the harvest be?

Chorus

Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light
 Sown in our weakness, or sown in our might.
 Gathered in time or eternity,
 Sure, ah! Sure will the harvest be

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
 Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
 Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
 Sowing the seed in the fertile soil,
 O! what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
 Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
 Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
 Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
 O! what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed in an aching heart,
 Sowing the seed while the teardrops start,
 Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
 Gladly to gather the harvest home.
 O! what shall the harvest be?

JESUS IS CALLING THEE

Jesus, your Saviour, stretches out his arms
 to thee,
 For gracious, loving kindness and tender
 mercy;
 Listen to him calling in tender compassion.
 O sinner, Jesus Christ is now calling thee.

Chorus

He's calling thee, He's calling thee,
O sinner, Jesus Christ is calling thee,
He's calling thee;
O sinner, Jesus Christ is calling thee.

Come to Jesus. Why will you wander in sin
Earthly joys and pleasures give up now for
Him.

Again He is calling thee; will you yet turn
away?

O sinner, Jesus Christ is now calling thee

Let every one who thirsts come now without
delay;

The water of life will give you strength
today.

Come first, now, while the light of day is
shining on;

O sinner, Jesus Christ is now calling thee.

Flee away to Jesus, for shades of night now
fall;

O do not miss the goal of everlasting life,
Lovingly and patiently, the Saviour still calls

O sinner, Jesus Christ still is calling thee.

47

JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST

P.H. 3 & 4—515

Will you come, will you come, with your poor
broken heart,

Burdened and sin-oppressed?

Lay it down at the feet of your Saviour and
Lord,

Jesus will give you rest.

Chorus

O happy rest, sweet, happy rest!

Jesus will give you rest, happy rest;

O why don't you come in simple, trusting

faith?
Jesus will give you rest.

Will you come, will you come? there is mercy
for you,
Balm for your aching breast;
Only come as you are, and believe on his name,
Jesus will give you rest.

Will you come, will you come? you have
nothing to pay;
Jesus, who loves you best,
By his death on the cross purchased life for
your soul,
Jesus will give you rest.

Will you come, will you come? how he pleads
with you now!
Fly to his loving breast,
And whatever your sin or your sorrow may be,
Jesus will give you rest.

48

WHEN THE HARVEST IS PAST

S. of S. 175

When the harvest is past and the summer is
gone,
And summons and prayers shall be o'er,
When the beams cease to break of the blest
Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more

Chorus

When the harvest is past and the summer is
gone,
When the harvest is past and the summer is
gone,
And Jesus invites thee no more.

When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall

blow,
 The gospel no message declare;
 Sinner, how can'st thou bear the deep wailings
 of woe?
 How suffer the night of despair?

 When the holy have gone to the regions of
 peace,
 To dwell in the mansions above,
 Where their harmony makes, in the fulness of
 bliss,
 Their song to the Saviour they love.

 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
 Who fearest no trouble to come,
 Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
 Or bear the impenitent's doom?

49

HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTS DRAW NIGH

N M H B. 307

Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
 'Tis God invites the fallen race;
 Mercy and free salvation buy;
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

Come to the living waters, come!
 Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
 Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
 And find My grace is free for all

See from the Rock a fountain rise!
 For you in healing streams it rolls;
 Money ye need not bring, nor price,
 Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
 Leave all you have and are behind;
 Frankly the gift of God receive,
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

—Charles Wesley

I HAVE A SAVIOUR, HE'S PLEADING IN GLORY

O.C.H. 212

I have a Saviour, he's pleading in glory,

A dear, loving Saviour, tho' earth-friends be
few;

And now he is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour
too!

Chorus

For you I am praying, For you I am praying,
For you I am praying, I'm praying for you

I have a Father: to me he has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will he call me to meet him in
heaven,
But oh, that he'd let me bring you with me,
too!

I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness.
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it, all shining in bright-
ness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one,
too!

I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never
knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

When Jesus has found you, tell others the
story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour, too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them

to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answer-
er for you!

—S. O. Cluff.

51

COME TO THE SAVIOUR

O.C.H. 269

Come to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in his word he's shown us the way;
Here in our midst he's standing today,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

Chorus

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and
free,
And shall we gather, Saviour, with thee,
In our eternal home.

"Suffer the children!" oh, hear his voice.
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

Think once again, he's with us today;
Heed now his blessed commands, and obey;
Hear now his accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"

52

WOULD JESUS HAVE THE SINNER DIE?

O.C.H. 105

Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange, expiring cry?
Sinners, he prays for you and me;
"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive!
They know not that by me they live!"

Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by the painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all, my sins away!

Oh, let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free;
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

53

THE DOOR OF GOD'S MERCY IS OPEN O.C.H. 89

The door of God's mercy is open
To all who are weary of sin,
And Jesus is patiently waiting,
Still waiting, to welcome you in.

Chorus

Come, says the Saviour, come enter the gate.
I watch by the portals both early and late,
Lest some precious soul,
Not far from the goal,
Should wander away into darkness and hate.
And miss it forever, the pearly gate.

The world is e'er wantonly wooing
Your soul from the ways of the blest,
But Jesus is tenderly bidding
You turn to his heavenly rest.

So many who hear the glad message,
Will never its mandates obey,
But turn from the precious, dear pleadings.
And wilfully wander away.

Sad hearts there will surely be moaning
Outside of the gateway of life,
And praying to him they rejected
When earth with gay pleasure was rife

The door of God's mercy is open,
Invitingly open to all
Who list to the voice of the Master,
And hearing shall heed his sweet call
—Ellen Oliver.

54

GOD CALLING YET! SHALL I NOT HEAR?

OCH 73

God is calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

Chorus

Calling, O hear Him calling, O hear Him
God is calling yet, O hear Him calling yet,
Calling, O hear Him calling, O hear Him
God is calling yet, O hear Him calling yet.

God is calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

God is calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

God is calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

God is calling yet; I cannot stay;
My heart I yield, without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God has reached my heart.
—G. Tersteegen.

55

THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET N.C.H. 349

“Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow;
Though they be red like crimson,
They shall be as wool;”
“Though your sins be as scarlet,
Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow,
They shall be white as snow.”

Hear the voice that entreats you,
O, return ye unto God!
He is of great compassion,
And wondrous love;
Hear the voice that entreats you,
Hear the voice that entreats you,
O return ye unto God,
O return ye unto God.

He'll forgive your transgressions,
And remember them no more;
“Look unto me, ye people,”
Saith the Lord your God;
He'll forgive your transgressions,
He'll forgive your transgressions,
And remember them no more,
And remember them no more.

56

WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE

N.C.H. 341; O.C.H. 372

Wonderful story of love;
 Tell it to me again;
 Wonderful story of love;
 Wake the immortal strain!
 Angels with rapture announce it,
 Shepherds with wonder receive it;
 Sinner, oh! won't you receive it?
 Wonderful story of love.

Chorus

Wonderful! Wonderful!
 Wonderful story of love!
 Wonderful! Wonderful!
 Wonderful story of love!

Wonderful story of love;
 Tho' you are far away;
 Wonderful story of love;
 Still he doth call you today;
 Calling from Calvary's mountain,
 Down from the crystal bright fountain,
 E'en from the dawn of Creation,
 Wonderful story of love.

Wonderful story of love;
 Jesus provides a rest;
 Wonderful story of love;
 For all the pure and blest,
 Rest in those mansions above us,
 With those who've gone on before us,
 Singing the rapturous chorus,
 Wonderful story of love

57

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

N.C.H. 334; O.C.H. 296

I love to tell the story
 Of unseen things above,

Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

Chorus

I love to tell the story:
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love

I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word.

I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story,
That I have loved so long.

—Miss Katherine Hankey.

58

RESCUE THE PERISHING

N.C.H. 153; O.C.H. 163

Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave,
Weep o'er the erring ones,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Chorus

Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

Tho' they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.

Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once
more.

Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way,
Patiently win them,
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died
—Fanny Crosby.

59

ART THOU WEARY, HEAVY LADEN?

N.C.H. 357; O.C.H. 83

Art thou weary, heavy laden?
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?
"In his hands and feet are wound-prints,
And his side."

Hath he diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes."

—Dr. Neale.

60

"WHOSOEVER HEARETH," SHOUT, SHOUT THE SOUND!

N.C.H. 92; O.C.H. 82

"Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound!
Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found:
"Whosoever will, may come."

Chorus

"Whosoever will, whosoever will,"
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
'Tis the loving Father calls the wand'rer home.
"Whosoever will, may come."

Whosoever cometh, need not delay,
Now the door is open, enter while you may;
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way.

"Whosoever will, may come."

"Whosoever will," the promise secure;
"Whosoever will," for ever must endure;
"Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore:
"Whosoever will, may come."

61

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE, WHERE'ER YE LANGUISH

N.C.H. 348; O.C.H. 79

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish;

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
heal

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
cure."

Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above;

Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

62

JESUS, MY SAVIOUR, TO BETHLEHEM CAME

N.C.H. 344; O.C.H. 77

Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
Oh, it was wonderful; blest be his name!
Seeking for me, for me.

Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,
Died for my sins, that my soul might be free;
Oh, it was wonderful! how could it be?
Dying for me, for me;

Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,
While I did wander afar from the fold,
Gently and long he hath plead with my soul.
Calling for me, for me;

Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high.
Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me;

63

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION

N.C.H. 146; O.C.H. 64

Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help us,
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

•

Chorus

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you.
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain.

Be thoughtful and earnest,
 Kind-hearted and true,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.
 To him that o'ercometh,
 God giveth a crown,
 Through faith we shall conquer,
 Though often cast down.
 He who is our Saviour,
 Our strength will renew,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

64

COME, EVERY SOUL BY SIN OPPRESSED

NCH 181; O.C.H. 54

Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
 There's mercy with the Lord,
 And he will surely give you rest
 By trusting in his word.

Chorus

Only trust him, only trust him,
 Only trust him now;
 He will save you, he will save you,
 He will save you now.

For Jesus shed his precious blood
 Rich blessings to bestow;
 Plunge then into the crimson flood
 That washes white as snow.

Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
 That leads you into rest;
 Believe in him without delay,
 And you are fully blest.

65

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

N.C.H. 382; O.C.H. 36

I need thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

Chorus

I need thee, O I need thee;
Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to thee!

I need thee every hour,
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

—Mrs. Hawkes.

66

I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS

N.C.H. 177; O.C.H. 36

I need thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;

My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

I need thee, blessed Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

I need thee, blessed Jesus!
I need a friend like thee;
A friend to soothe and sympathize,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

—F. Whitfield.

FELLOWSHIP

67

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

N.C.H. 384; O.C.H. 217

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there

68

COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

N.C.H. 374; O.C.H. 218

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some celestial measure,
Sung by ransomed hosts above;
Oh, the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I've come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

Oh, to grace how **great** a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a **fetter**,
Bind my wandering heart to **thee**.
Pront to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above!

69

NOW JUST A WORD FOR JESUS

O C.H. 133

Now just a word for Jesus,
Your dearest friend so true;
Come, cheer our hearts and tell us
What he has done for you

Chorus

Now just a word for Jesus—
'Twill help us on our way;
One little word for Jesus,
Oh, speak, or sing, or pray

Now just a word for Jesus;
You feel your sins forgiven,
And by his grace are striving
To reach a home in heaven.

Now just a word for Jesus;
A cross it cannot be
To say, I love my Saviour
Who gave his life for me.

Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost

Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise, in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to him.

—Fanny Crosby.

TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY

N.C.H. 168; O.C.H. 439

Take time to be holy,
 Speak oft with thy Lord;
 Abide in him always,
 And feed on his Word;
 Make friends of God's children,
 Help those who are weak,
 Forgetting in nothing
 His blessing to seek.

Take time to be holy,
 The world rushes on;
 Spend much time in secret
 With Jesus alone;
 By looking to Jesus,
 Like him thou shalt be;
 Thy friends in thy conduct
 His likeness shall see.

Take time to be holy,
 Let him be thy Guide,
 And run not before him,
 Whatever betide;
 In joy or in sorrow,
 Still follow thy Lord,
 And, looking to Jesus,
 Still trust in his Word

Take time to be holy,
 Be calm in thy soul,
 Each thought and each motive
 Beneath his control;
 Thus led by his Spirit
 To fountains of love,
 Thou soon shall be fitted
 For service above.

—W. D. Longstaff.

71

GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN

N.C.H. 290; O.C.H. 359

God be with you till we meet again;
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again

Chorus

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
'Neath his wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

—J. E. Rankin.

72

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

N.C.H. 109; O.C.H. 131

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our hopes, our fears, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our prayers.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

—J. Fawcett

FAITH AND TRUST

73

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

N.C.H. 383; O.C.H. 216

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Tho', like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,

Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

—Mrs. S. F. Adams.

74

SWEET BYE AND BYE

O.C.H. 255

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Chorus

In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
—S. F. Bennett.

75

NEAR THE CROSS

N.C.H. 255; O.C.H. 65

Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

Chorus

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory for ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

—Fanny Crosby.

76

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS

N.C.H. 399; O.C.H. 438

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

Chorus

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,

There by his love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

77

COMING TO THE CROSS

N.C.H. 77; O.C.H. 123

I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

Chorus

I am trusting in the Lord, in thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
—W. McDonald

78

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

N.C.H. 203; O.C.H. 45

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind,
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sins I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

79

LAUNCH OUT

Have you toiled all night near the shore in
vain?

Push away from the shore; launch out.
Where the flood is deep cast your nets again—
Push away from the shore; launch out.
There a blessing waits for your souls to take;
Haste away from the barren strand;
Toil no more in vain where the surges break—
Launch out, is your Lord's command.

Chorus

Launch out! Launch out! Launch out!
Launch out!

Push away from the shore; launch out.
God's grace flows free, like a mighty sea,
And the Master calls: Launch out!

Have your souls grown faint with the vigil
long?

Push away from the shore; launch out.
Put your trust in Christ. He will make you
strong—

Push away from the shore; launch out.
Be no more content with a meagre share
From your Father's abundant store;
Ask Him largely now; He will hear your
prayer,
And give till you want no more.

Jesus bids today every weary soul
Push away from the shore; launch out.
Hear His loving voice; He will make you
whole—

Push away from the shore; launch out.
Leave the shore of sin, with its shallowness;
It is nothing of life to give;
Look to Jesus now, who alone can bless;
Launch out on His Grace, and live.

80

SWEET PEACE, THE GIFT OF GOD'S LOVE

P.H. 3 & 4, 102

There comes to my heart one sweet strain,
A glad and a joyous refrain;
I sing it again and again,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

Chorus

Peace, peace, sweet peace!
Wonderful gift from above!
Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace!
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

By Christ on the cross peace was made,
My debt by his death was all paid;
No other foundation is laid
For peace, the gift of God's love

When Jesus as Lord I had crowned,
My heart with this peace did abound;
In him the rich blessing I found,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

In Jesus for peace I abide,
And as I keep close to his side,
There's nothing but peace doth betide,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

81

WHAT A FRIEND THOU ART TO ME

SS 55

O my Redeemer, what a friend thou art to
me!

O what a refuge I have found in Thee!
When the way was weary and my heart was
sore oppressed,
'Twas Thy joy that lulled me to a calm, sweet
rest.

Chorus

Nearer, draw nearer, till my soul is lost in
Thee;
Nearer, draw nearer, blessed Lord, to me.

When in their beauty stars unveil their silver
light,
Then, O my Saviour, give me songs at night:
Songs of yonder mansions, where the dear
ones, gone before,
Sing Thy praise forever, on that peaceful
shore.

Jesus, my Saviour, when the last deep shadows
fall;
When in the silence I shall hear Thy call;
In Thine arms reposing, let me breathe my
life away,
And awake triumphant in eternal day

82

TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL

SS. and S. 193

Simply trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way:
Even though my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Chorus

Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him, whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Brightly doth His spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I cannot fall;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Singing, if my way be clear;
Praying, if the path be drear;
If in danger, for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth be past,
Till within the jasper wall:
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

83

SAVED BY GRACE

O C.H. 490

Some day the silver cord shall break,
And I no more as now shall sing;
But, O, the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King!

Chorus

And I shall see him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by grace;
And I shall see him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by grace.

Some day my earthly house will fall,
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be,
But this I know—my All in All
Has now a place in heaven for me.

Some day when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy-tinted west,
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest.

Some day; till then I'll watch and wait,
My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,
That when my Saviour opes the gate,
My soul to him may take its flight.

—F. J. Crosby.

84

ONCE I THOUGHT I WALKED WITH JESUS

O.C.H. 59

Once I thought I walked with Jesus,
Yet such changeful feelings had;
Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting,
Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad.

Chorus

Oh, the peace the Saviour gives—
Peace I never knew before;
And my way has brighter grown,
Since I've learned to trust him more.

But he called me closer to him,
Bade my doubting, fearing, cease;
And when I had fully yielded,
Filled my soul with perfect peace.

Now, I'm trusting every moment,
Nothing less can be enough;
And the Saviour bears me gently
O'er those places once so rough.

85

SAVIOUR, MORE THAN LIFE TO ME

O.C.H. 57

Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
Let thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

Chorus

Every day, every day,
Every day and hour, every day and hour,
Let me feel thy cleansing power;
May thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee.

Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

Let me love thee, more and more,
Till the fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In the brighter, brighter world above.

86

THE LORD'S OUR ROCK, IN HIM WE HIDE

O.C.H. 52

The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide:
A shelter in the time of storm!
Secure whatever ill betide:
A shelter in the time of storm!

Chorus

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land!
A weary land, a weary land;
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,—
A shelter in the time of storm!

A shade by day, defence by night:-
A shelter in the time of storm!
No fears alarm, no foes affright:-
A shelter in the time of storm!

The raging storms may round us beat:-
A shelter in the time of storm!
We'll never leave our safe retreat:
A shelter in the time of storm!

O Rock divine, O Refuge dear:
A shelter in the time of storm!
Be thou our helper ever near:
A shelter in the time of storm!

V. J. C.

87

ALL MY DOUBTS I GIVE TO JESUS

N.C.H. 241; O.C.H. 55

All my doubts I give to Jesus,
I've his precious promise heard;
I shall never be confounded,
I am trusting in his word.

Chorus

I am trusting, fully trusting,
Sweetly trusting in his word;
I am trusting, fully trusting,
Sweetly trusting in his word.

All my sin I lay on Jesus,
He doth wash me in his blood;
He will keep me pure and holy,
He will bring me home to God.

All my fears I give to Jesus,
Rests my weary soul on him;
Though my way be hid in darkness,
Never can my light grow dim.

All in all I have in Jesus,
Poor, yet rich as cherubim;
Ignorant and full of weakness,
Heaven's own store I find in him.
—Dr. Morgan.

88

I AM TRUSTING THEE, LORD JESUS

N.C.H. 242; O.C.H. 56

I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only thee;
Trusting thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

I am trusting thee for pardon;
At thy feet I bow;
For thy grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.

I am trusting thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting thee to make me holy
By thy blood.

I am trusting thee to guide me;
Thou alone canst lead;
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

I am trusting thee for power;
Thine can never fail;
Strength which thou thyself dost give me,
Must prevail.

I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall!
I am trusting thee forever,
And for all.

—Miss F R. Havergal.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE

N.C.H. 261; S.S. and S. 374

My Jesus, I love thee, my Saviour and Friend;
To thee in great gladness my praise shall
ascend:

The sin which once bound me thy love has
forgiven;

The fetters that held me thy mercy has riven

The peace thou has sent makes my life full
of joy;

The love thou hast shown all my fear can
destroy;

And though I once thought of thee only with
dread,

I now am at rest, and I trust thee instead

I will love thee yet more the older I grow;
For new tokens of love each day thou wilt
show;

I know thou wilt keep me, though Satan
assail;

And, strong through thine aid, I shall ever
prevail

My Saviour, I pray that I daily may be
Still taught by thy spirit, still learning of
thee;

For thus, in all duty, my joy shall increase,
And in sunshine and shadow my heart be at
peace.

—J. Williams Butcher.

BLESSED ASSURANCE, JESUS IS MINE

N.C.H. 12; O.C.H. 458

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!

Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!

Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Chorus

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight,
Angels descending bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

91

JESUS, MY SAVIOUR, LOOK ON ME

N.C.H. 198; O.C.H. 455

Jesus, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed;
I come to cast myself on thee:
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send thee forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

Vain is all human help for me,
I dare not trust an earthly prop;
My sole reliance is on thee:
Thou art my Hope.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
Even to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

—Charlotte Elliott.

92

AT EVEN, WHEN THE SUN WAS SET

N.C.H. 58; O.C.H. 353

At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away.

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispell
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee;

And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

—H. Twells

93

SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING

N.C.H. 49; O.C.H. 331

Saviour, breathe an evening ^{blessing} ~~prayer~~,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

94

ABIDE WITH ME, FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE

N.C.H. 47; O.C.H. 330

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with
me!

Reveal thyself before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!
—H. F. Lyte.

95

WHEN STORMS AROUND ARE SWEEPING

N.C.H. 388; O.C.H. 226

When storms around are sweeping,
When lone my watch I'm keeping,
'Mid fires of evil falling,
'Mid tempters' voices calling,

Chorus

Remember me, O Mighty One!
Remember me, O Mighty One!

When walking on life's ocean,
Control its raging motion;
When from its dangers shrinking,
When in its dread deeps sinking,

When weight of sin oppresses,
When dark despair distresses,
All through the life that's mortal
And when I pass death's portal,

96

THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING

N.C.H. 230; O.C.H. 221

"There shall be showers of blessing,"
This is the promise of love;
There shall be seasons refreshing,
Sent from the Saviour above.

Chorus

Showers, showers of blessing,
Showers of blessing we need;
Mercy drops round us are falling,
But for the showers we plead.

"There shall be showers of blessing"—
Precious reviving again;
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sound of abundance of rain.

"There shall be showers of blessing,"
Send them upon us, O Lord!
Grant to us now a refreshing,
Come, and now honor thy Word.

"There shall be showers of blessing,"
Oh, that today they might fall,
Now as to God we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call!

—Dr. Nathan.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

N.C.H. 369; O.C.H. 210

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven!
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer!
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises:
 I will ever give to thee.

—F. Williams.

**FROM EVERY STORMY WIND THAT
BLOWS**

N.C.H. 378; O.C.H. 204

From every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads,
 A place than all besides more sweet;
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns thy mercy-seat.

—H. Stowell.

99

MY HOPE IS BUILT ON NOTHING LESS

N.C.H. 190; O.C.H. 138

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

Chorus

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

100

WHEN PEACE, LIKE A RIVER, ATTENDETH MY WAY

N.C.H. 272; O.C.H. 136

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Chorus

It is well with my soul,
It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials
should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall
be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall
descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.
—H. G. Spafford.

101

ABIDING, OH, SO WONDROUS SWEET

N.C.H. 247; O.C.H. 129

Abiding, oh, so wondrous sweet!
I'm resting at the Saviour's feet;
I trust in him, I'm satisfied,
I'm resting in the Crucified.

Chorus

Abiding, abiding, oh, so wondrous sweet!
Abiding in him, resting in him, oh, so won-

drous sweet!
I'm resting, resting at the Saviour's feet.
Resting in him, resting in him,—At the Sav-
iour's feet.

He speaks, and by his word is given
His peace, a rich foretaste of heaven;
Not as the world he peace doth give,
'Tis through this hope my soul shall live.

I live; not I through him alone,
By whom the mighty work is done;
Dead to myself, alive to him,
I count all loss his rest to gain.

Now rest, my heart, the work is done,
I'm saved through the Eternal Son;
Let all my powers my soul employ,
To tell the world my peace and joy.
—H. F. Lyte.

102

SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST, I AM THE LORD'S

N.C.H. 200; O.C.H. 128

Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's;
Jesus, my Saviour, salvation affords;
Gives me his Spirit a witness within,
Whispering of pardon and saving from sin.

Chorus

Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost:
Saved, saved by power divine;
Saved, saved, I'm saved to the uttermost:
Jesus, the Saviour, is mine!

Saved to the uttermost: Jesus is near;
Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
Trusting his promises, how I am blest;
Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest.

Saved to the uttermost; this I can say,
"Once all was darkness, but now it is day;
Beautiful visions of glory I see,
Jesus in brightness revealed unto me."

Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing
Loud halleluias to Jesus, my King!
Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by his
 blood,
Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory to God.
 —W. J. Kirkpatrick.

103

I AM THINE, O LORD, I HAVE HEARD THY VOICE

N.C.H. 284; O.C.H. 120

I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice,
 And it told thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
 And be closer drawn to thee.

Chorus

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
 To the cross where thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
 To thy precious bleeding side.

Consecrate now me to thy service, Lord,
 By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with steadfast hope,
 And my will be lost in thine.

Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
 That before thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with thee, my
 God,
 I commune as friend with friend.

There are depths of love that I cannot know
 Till I cross the narrow sea,

There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with thee.

—Fanny Crosby.

104

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME

N.C.H. 192; O.C.H. 44

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

105

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

N.C.H. 262; O.C.H. 41

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not wish to see
The distant scenes; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Meanwhile, along the narrow rugged path
Thyself hast trod,

Lead, Saviour, lead me home in child-like faith,
Home to my God,

To rest forever after earthly strife,
In the calm light of everlasting life.

—John H. Newman.

MISSIONARY

106

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

N.C.H. 99; O.C.H. 318

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their gilden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;

The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

—Bishop Heber.

107

SEEKING THE LOST

O.C.H. 33

Seeking the lost, yes, kindly entreating
Wanderers on the mountain astray;
"Come unto me," his message repeating,
Words of the Master speaking today.

Chorus

Going afar upon the mountain,
Bringing the wanderer back again
Into the fold of my Redeemer,
Jesus, the Lamb for sinners slain.

Seeking the lost, and pointing to Jesus,
Souls that are weak, and hearts that are
sore;

Leading them forth in ways of salvation,
Showing the path to life evermore.
Thus would I go on missions of mercy,
Following Christ from day unto day;
Cheering the faint, and raising the fallen;
Pointing the lost to Jesus the Way.

108

JESUS WILL REIGN WHERE'ER THE SUN

N.C.H. 94; O.C.H. 317

Jesus shall reign where's the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

Peoples and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their young hosannas to his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Its grateful honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain.

WE HAVE HEARD THE JOYFUL SOUND

N.C.H. 95; O.C.H. 404

We have heard the joyful sound:

Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Spread the tidings all around:

Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Bear the news to every land,

Climb the steepes and cross the waves;

Onward!—'tis our Lord's command:

Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Waft it on the rolling tide:

Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Tell the sinners far and wide:

Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Sing, ye islands of the sea,

Echo back, ye ocean waves;

Earth shall keep her jubilee:

Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Sing above the battle strife,

Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

By his death and endless life,

Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Sing it softly through the gloom,

When the heart for mercy craves;

Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,—

Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Give the winds a mighty voice:

Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Let the nations now rejoice,—

Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Shout salvation full and free,

Highest hills and deepest caves;

This our song of Victory,—

Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

—Priscilla J. Owens.

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE

110

WE PRAISE THEE, O LORD

O.C.H. 211

We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy
love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above!

Chorus

Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah, amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

We praise thee, O God! for thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered
our night.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was
slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every
stain.

All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided
our ways.

W. P. McKay.

111

SWEET IS THE WORK, MY GOD

O.C.H. 284; N.M.H.B. 246

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast;
Oh, may thy heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

But I shall share a glorious part
When grace has well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

—Isaac Watts.

112

COME, LET US JOIN OUR CHEERFUL SONGS

O.C.H. 63; N.M.H.B. 3 **WCHS**

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply;
"For he was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine!

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

—Isaac Watts.

113

OH, THAT WILL BE GLORY FOR ME

T.A. 1

When all my labors and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,

Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

Chorus

Oh, that will be glory for me,
Glory for me, glory for me;
When by his grace, I shall look on his face,
That will be glory, be glory for me!

When by the gift of his infinite grace
I am accorded in heaven a place,
Just to be there and to look on his face,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

Friends will be there I have loved long ago;
Joy like a river around me will flow;
Yet just a smile from my Saviour, I know,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

114

WHY I LOVE JESUS

Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because this blessed Saviour
From my sins has set me free.

Chorus.

This is why I love my Jesus,
This is why I love Him so,
He atoned for my transgression,
He has washed me white as snow.

Would you know why I love Jesus?
With a love so rich and free?
'Tis because His blood so precious
Fully saves and cleanses me.

Would you know why I loved Jesus
And He grows more dear to me?
'Tis because in every conflict
He gives me the victory.

Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because my Friend and Saviour
He will ever, ever be.

115

I'LL PRAISE MY MAKER WHILE I'VE BREATH

O.C.H. 227

I'll praise my maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

116

SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED

O.C.H. 461

I have a song I love to sing,
Since I have been redeemed,
Of my Redeemer, Saviour, King,
Since I have been redeemed.

Chorus

Since I have been redeemed,
I will glory in his name;

Since I have been redeemed,
I will glory in my Saviour's name.

I have a Christ that satisfies,
Since I have been redeemed,
To do his will my highest prize,
Since I have been redeemed.

I have a Witness bright and clear,
Since I have been redeemed,
Dispelling every doubt and fear,
Since I have been redeemed.

I have a joy I can't express,
Since I have been redeemed,
All thro' his blood and righteousness,
Since I have been redeemed.

I have a home prepared for me,
Since I have been redeemed,
Where I shall dwell eternally,
Since I have been redeemed.

—E. O. Excell.

117

BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD

O.C.H. 127

Blessed be the Fountain of blood,
To a world of sinners revealed;
Blessed be the dear Son of God:
Only by his stripes are healed.
Though I've wandered far from his fold,
Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus

Whiter than snow! Whiter than snow!
Whiter than snow! Whiter than snow!
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow!

Thorny was the crown that he wore,
And the cross his body o'ercame;
Grievous were the sorrows he bore,
But he suffered not thus in vain.
May I to that Fountain be led,
Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Wash me in the blood that he shed,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

Father, I have wandered from thee,
Often has my heart gone astray;
Crimson do my sins seem to me—
Water cannot wash them away.
Jesus, to that Fountain of thine,
Leaning on thy promise I go;
Cleanse me by thy washing divine,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

118

I'VE REACHED THE LAND OF CORN AND WINE

O.C.H. 125

I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

Chorus

Oh, Beulah Land! sweet Beulah Land!
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me.

The Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with his hand,
For this is heaven's border land.

The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.

119

WHEN I WAS FAR AWAY AND LOST

O.C.H. 61

When I was far away and lost;
 Oh, 'tis wonderful!
 That I was saved at such a cost!
 Oh, 'tis wonderful!

Chorus

Oh, 'tis wonderful! Oh, 'tis wonderful!
 That Jesus gave his life for me!
 Oh, 'tis wonderful!

My guilt was all I had to bring;
 Oh, 'tis wonderful!
 Yet I was made his love to sing;
 Oh, 'tis wonderful!

This great salvation all may share;
 Oh, 'tis wonderful!
 Throughout the world the message bear;
 Oh, 'tis wonderful!

Come, sinner, now and seek his grace;
 Oh, 'tis wonderful!
 And find in him a resting-place;
 Oh, 'tis wonderful!

—I. I. Lesslie.

120

OH, WHAT SHALL I DO, MY SAVIOUR?

N.C.H. 213; O.C.H. 233

Oh, what shall I do my Saviour to praise,
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
 The weakest believer that hangs upon him!

How happy the man whose heart is set free,
 The people that can be joyful in thee!
 Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
 And still they are talking of Jesus' grace.

For thou are their boast, their glory and
power;

And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.

Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

—Charles Wesley.

121

OH, HAPPY DAY THAT FIXED MY CHOICE

N.C.H. 233; O.C.H. 231

Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Chorus

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.

Oh, happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

—Dr. Doddridge.

WORK AND SERVICE

122

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

N.C.H. 154; O.C.H. 193

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus,
Who has gone before!
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
See his banners go!

Chorus

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus,
Who has gone before!

Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
Which can never fail.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;

Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song.
Glory, praise and honor,
Men and angels sing,
Through the countless ages,
Unto Christ the King.

—S. B. Gould.

123

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS

O.C.H. 183

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have but scant supply,
Angel eyes will watch above it;—
You shall find it bye-and-bye!
He who in his righteous balance
Doth each human action weigh
Will your sacrifice remember,
Will your loving deeds repay.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Poor and weary, worn with care,—
Often sitting in the shadow,
Have you not a crumb to spare?
Can you not to those around you
Sing some little song of hope,
As you look with longing vision
Through life's mighty telescope?

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have abundant store;
It may float on many a billow,
It may strand on many a shore;
You may think it lost forever,
But, as sure as God is true,
In this life or in the other,
It will yet return to you.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Waft it on with praying breath,
In some distant, doubtful moment
It may save a soul from death;

When you sleep in solemn silence,
'Neath the morn and evening dew,
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened,
May strew lilies over you.

—R. Edgar.

124

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

N.C.H. 120; O.C.H. 195

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high the royal banner;
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army will he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song,
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

125

NOW, THE SOWING AND THE WEEPING

N.C.H. 144; O.C.H. 166

Now, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;

Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.

Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, and painful strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training, hard and lowly,
Weary feet, and aching brow;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's, "Enter thou!"
—Miss F. R. Havergal.

126

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING

N.C.H. 143; O.C.H. 165

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers.
Work when the days grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

MISCELLANEOUS

127

BAPTISM OF A CHILD

N.M.H.B. 254; O.M.H.B. 693

This child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

O may thy spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law!
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

We, too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
we stil may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

Dr. S. Gilman.

128

SEE ISRAEL'S GENTLE SHEPHERD STAND

N.C.H. 455; O.C.H. 442

See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;

Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

"Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

129

ANGELS, FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

N.C.H. 314; Q.C.H. 299

Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er the flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

—Montgomery.

CHRIST, THE LORD, IS RISEN TODAY

N.C.H. 187; O.C.H. 311

"Christ, the Lord, is risen today,"
 Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

Love's redeeming work is done;
 Fought the fight, the battle won;
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Lives again our glorious King;
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Once he died our souls to save;
 Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

King of glory! Soul of bliss!
 Everlasting life is this,—
 Thee to know, thy power to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

—Charles Wesley.

OUR LORD IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD

O.M.H.B. 179

Our Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphant chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!

Loose all your bars of heavenly light,
 And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
 He claims these mansions as his right;
 Receive the King of glory in!

Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrow;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed!

—Charles Wesley.

132

O CANADA! OUR FATHERS' LAND OF OLD

N.C.H. 108

O Canada! our fathers' land of old,
Thy brown is crowned with leaves of red and
gold.

Beneath the shade of the Holy cross
Thy children own their birth.

No stains thy glorious annals gloss,
Since valour shields thy hearth.

Almighty God! On thee we call.

Defend our rights, forfend this nation's thrall.
Defend our rights, forfend this nation's thrall.

Altar and throne command our sacred love,
And mankind to us shall ever brothers prove.

O King of Kings, with thy mighty breath
All our sons do thou inspire.

May no craven terror of life or death
E'er damp the patriot's fire.

Our mighty call loudly shall ring,

As in the days of old, "For Christ and King!"

As in the days of old, "For Christ and King!"

133

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND

N.C.H. 111; N.M.H.B. 412

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might!

For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On thee we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh;
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

And not this land alone,
But from thy mercies known
From shore to shore:
Let all the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide earth o'er.

—C. T. Brookes.

—J. S. Dwight.

134

GOD SAVE OUR GRACIOUS KING

N.C.H. 110; O.C.H. 340

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

Through every changing scene,
Our Lord, preserve our King,
 Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move,
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
 His throne maintain.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
 God save the King.

135

TRIUMPH OVER DEATH

O.M.H.B. 854

And must this body die?
 This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldering in the clay?

God, my Redeemer, lives,
 And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.

Arrayed in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape and every face
 Be heavenly and divine.

These lively hopes we owe,
 Lord, to thy dying love;
O may we bless thy grace below,
 And sing thy power above!

Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler songs we raise
With our immortal tongues.

—Charles Wesley

136

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

O.C.H. 485

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

—J. Cennick.

137

THANKS AFTER MEAT

O.C.H. 486

We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood,
Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

—J. Cennick.



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